

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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### What Next?

A novel and interesting enterprise was last week brought to light through the medium of a New York civil engineer, who is here in connection with the establishment of a pneumatic pipe line between New York and Chicago. The plans, as partly developed, are to lay a four-inch iron pipe for the purpose of transmitting letters, messages, grain samples, jewelry and other light parcels at a maximum tariff of ten cents for packages and five cents for letters, etc. Way stations will be established at Cleveland, Buffalo, and possibly one other point. The pipe will be the ordinary tubular kind in common use, and the entire line will be made perfectly air-tight, with brass stations at the points named. The boxes for the conveyance of messages will be made from sole leather, with wool air resistors, as used in short pneumatic tubes. Engines of twenty-five horse-power, to drive the air-pumps, will be placed at the termini, and smaller ones at the way stations. Seventeen patents for various devices have been secured by the originators of the scheme and no doubt some of them will be made available in working time.

The plan of operating, so far as revealed at present, will be about as follows: Commencing at 6 o'clock A. M., Washington time, the boxes containing through packages will be fed into the tube at Chicago and blown toward New York, while the Chicago pump is filling the tube and the New York pump is exhausting the air. The last box, started at Chicago at 6:30, will have a patent signal attachment, which, at Cleveland, automatically announces its arrival. The local boxes are those inserted there, and later on, at Buffalo. The last box will arrive at New York at 10 o'clock, the trip being made in about four hours. Then the line is cleared for west-bound traffic for the following four hours, and so on, alternately, day and night. It is expected that during each period of four hours a thousand boxes can be transmitted, each earning about \$2 in freights, or \$12 during the twenty-four hours, being an aggregate of \$12,000 per day for the line. The cost of operating is estimated at only \$1,125 daily, which include, three hundred pipe section men (repairers), fifty station operators, and 100 delivery and collection messengers, hence the net earnings can reach the enormous aggregate of \$11,000,000 annually—at least it is thus figured out on paper. But even allowing a very wide margin for errors and omissions, the profit of operating the Pneumatic Pipe Line promises to be very large.

The cost of laying the line will be something less than \$4,000 per mile, and the entire plant will not exceed \$4,250,000. The projectors confidently anticipate an immediate profit of 20 per cent. upon the investment.

**SHRINKING FEMININE TRAIT.**—A rather curious psychological discovery was made last week at the Battery Swimming Bath during a thunderstorm, and it was that all the girls with one accord came precipitately out of the water when it commenced to rain for fear they would get wet. This led to the philosophical remark of a policeman, that wherever a woman may be when it thunders, she always wants to go somewhere else. This has no doubt been often noticed, but it has never been so well expressed. The savants who have charge of the swimming-baths record it as a noticeable superiority of the girls over the boys that they always know enough to come in when it rains. —[N. Y. World.]

The possibilities of spelling are illustrated by a professor in San Francisco, who declares that "Ghoughph-theightteu" is a correct spelling of "potato." He proves it thus: Gh stands for p as you find from the last two letters in blough. Ough stands for o as in dough. Phth stands for t as in pththis. Eight stands for a as neighbor. Tte stands for t as in gazette, and ou stands for o as in bean. —[Tales Out of School.]

Catarah is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarah Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

### A Place Where the Woods are full of Children.

A traveler on horseback, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school-house?"

"Did you take it for such?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you've a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are those children yours?"

"I reckon they they air. 'Peers to me that way, anyhow."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out an' lets 'em scratch."

"What do they get to eat?"

"Bogs an' sich."

"Come my good woman you are trying to joke me. I am a stranger in this country and I really asked for information. I have often heard of squatters. Do you belong to that family?"

"I reckon I do, for I squat sometimes an' comb my hair when the children air asleep."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see them deputy marshals came along one day an' seed him bilin' some corn in a kittle, an' 'lowed he was makin' whisky, so they tuck him along. Look out thar!"

"The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped and struck him on the shoulder."

"I didn't know he was there," said the traveler, regarding with astonishment the youngster, who arose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse."

"I don't reckon you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you, the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drop on you at any minute, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take the big road an' nusey. Good day. You like, put that lizard down. Eph, thar tar-rapin'! bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drop that scorpion, John, an' blow Tommy's nose. Nick, don't chew that vine, fur it'll pizen yer." —[Arkansas Traveler.]

**Definitions.**

**Bath.**—The lever—a tub in which king, burgher and peasant look and act alike.

**Bummer.**—A philosopher; the latter-day name for a modern Diogenes, derived from the Greek word *TumMp*.

**Soldier.**—A machine working automatically; powerful for autocrats; powerless for democrats.

**Thieving.**—A too visible appropriation of another person's goods; called speculation when artistically done.

**Honor.**—An invisible quality that men swear by, not act by; a colloquial phrase.

**Army.**—A conglomeration of atoms, that one atom may raise itself above the others.

**Happiness.**—An abstract term, meaning absence of misery.

**Blue Blood.**—A life stream tinged blue with the dregs of centuries.

**Politician.**—A human facsimile of the Keeley motor; a thing of promise and of little worth. —[The Judge.]

**A Boy's Cupidism on Hens.**

Hens is a curious animal. They don't have no nose, no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their vittles whole, and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is generally filled up with marbles and shirt-buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they will dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum pudding. Skinny Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him into the colic. Hens have got wings and can fly when they are scared. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes makes very fine spring chickens.

While the democrats are considering the propriety of "a tariff for revenue only," the republicans have given us a tariff without revenue. The Treasury begins to look like the collection box of a colored church, or the Sunday-school after the circus has left town. —[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

### Lotta's First Love.

It has been known to most of the friends of little Miss Lotta during the past two or three years that her spirits have been steadily declining. She has played with usual vivacity upon the stage, but she has been sorrowful, almost morose, off it, for a long time. A prominent manager said yesterday: "About ten years ago Lotta fell head over ears in love with a young Philadelphian of excellent family. He loved her with equal passion. His parents, however, disdained the little actress, partly on account of her profession, partly on account of the respectable old man, Crabtree, who called himself her father. But they were devoted to each other. The wedding-day was appointed. She reposed in him the fullest confidence, but one night he disappeared with \$13,000 of her money. Search was made and it was found that he had lost it all in a gambling den. It was a cruel blow to poor Lotta. His parents reimbursed the little girl, but it wasn't the money she wanted. Nobody could give her back her faith in mankind. By and by the Philadelphian died suddenly, I've heard. He called for a law clerk to call for his death bond; he never knew it. Whenever she goes to Philadelphia she devotes one day to visiting his grave, heavily veiled, covering the grave with flowers and sobbing to herself until the sky darkens and she goes back to the theatre. That's the story of Lotta's unhappiness and you'll agree it's sad, not to say romantic."

**The Private Soldier.**

One day the private soldier will shine resplendent, a blazing planet against the nebulous background of half-forgotten field and line officers. It has been ever the fate of the private soldier. Napoleon is dead and all his marshals are dead. But the private soldier who fought under "The Little Corporal" at Waterloo is not found in every State? The "Iron Duke" is dead, but does not the last surviving soldier of "The Guards" die in some place nearly every month? Washington is dead, but his body servant, is not his name Legion, of Legion county? And so some day the last general who fought in the war of rebellion will pass away, the final colonel, much against his will must die. Majors and captains will join the innumerable caravans; but the last surviving private soldier of every regiment that fought anywhere will never leave us, but will live embalmed in the perennial paragraph: "Till the suns shall rise and set no more." —[Robert J. Burdette.]

**Early Rising and Late Retiring.**

It is a mistake to both rise early and sit up late. The rising early is a good habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body, by prolonging sleep when the necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. There would appear to be some need of remonstrance on this score.

The fashion of the day favors early rising and the mauly "tub," but those who rise early have, for the most part, sat up prodigiously late, and the tub is chiefly appreciated because it rouses the system and makes it feel—and feelings are very deceptive—strong and vigorous. This is burning the candle at both ends.

If we must sit up half the night it would be better to sleep half the day, than to rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest. Early rising is not good, but harmful without early resting. —[Lancet.]

**THE WINE STATE.**—California is fast coming to the front as the great wine-producing country of America. During the year 1881 the vintage was estimated at 9,000,000 gallons, and for 1882 it was supposed to have been between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 gallons. Considerably more than two-thirds is used at home, while the rest is exported, chiefly to the Eastern cities. The effect of the California vintage is certainly felt in France, as within the last two or three years the falling off in the exports of champagne wines to the United States has been marked. It is predicted that within ten years a large part of the wine drunk in America will be produced in California.

By the United States standard, 2,150 cubic inches make a bushel; 1,728 cubic inches make a cubic foot. Therefore, to measure grain in a bin, multiply the number of feet in the width of the bin by the length and the result by the depth, and then divide the number by five and multiply the quotient by four, which number will give the quantity in bushels.

### Couldn't Bear It.

A farmer came into a grocery store the other day and exhibited to the eyes of an admiring crowd an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he avowed to have been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anybody to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The grocery man examined it with the rest, and intending to chaff the countryman, said, "Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you \$5 you haven't," said the countryman, getting excited.

"Take it up," replied the grocery man, and going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg beater.

"There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching out for the stakes.

"Hold on there," said the farmer, "let's see you beat it," and he handed it to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates and a platter. It was of solid iron, painted white.

"Some folks think they are darned cute," muttered the farmer as he pocketed the stakes and lit out, "but 'tain't no use buckin' against the solid facts." —[Chaff.]

**No Discount There.**

A few weeks since a railroad collision on one of the roads leading out of New York, killed, among others, a passenger living in an interior town. His remains were sent home in good shape, and a few days after the funeral the attorney of the road called upon the widow to effect a settlement. She placed her figure at \$20,000.

"Oh! that sum is unreasonable," replied the attorney. "Your husband was nearly fifty years old."

"Yes, sir."

"And lame."

"Yes."

"And his general health was poor."

"Quite poor."

"And he probably would not have lived over five years."

"Probably not sir."

"Then it seems to me that two or three thousand dollars would be a fair compensation."

"Two or three thousand dollars!" she echoed. "Why, sir, I courted that man for ten years, run after him for ten more, and had to chase him down with a shot gun to get him before a preacher! Do you suppose that I'm going to settle for the bare cost of shoe leather and ammunition?" —[Wall Street News.]

He was a Buffalo man. The school teacher had been talking about finance to her scholars and young John came home to ask:

"Father, is there such a thing as a call loan?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, old Swipes, the doctor, comes bustling in some afternoon—note to meet—needs just fifty more—hand it back next day—and I'm fool enough to lend it. That's the loan part of it."

"Yes."

"I wait two weeks, need the money and call at his office. He isn't in. I call again, he is out. I call forty or fifty times, always miss him; call to him on the street and he doesn't hear; call him an infernal dead-beat and that ends it. There's the call and there's the loan and here's the idiot. That's all!" —[Wall Street News.]

A new kind of a lie from an ungodly Missouri paper: "There is in Schuyler, county, Mo., a young man, who without apparent cause, living plainly on a farm, has in eighteen years passed through the physical changes of four score. At the age of six he had all the developments of strength and muscle of a lad of fifteen. At twelve his beard was grown and gray hairs appeared. Now, at eighty, he is as decrepit as an old man of eighty and seems tottering on the verge of the grave."

South Bernera, the famous light-house of the Hebrides, is visited only twice a year by the supply ship and once a year by the priest, on account of the difficulty of landing even a life boat on the coast. The entire population of the island does not exceed twenty persons. They live mostly on the eggs of wild fowl, flesh and milk. Storms rage for more than half the year, the region being noted for tornadoes and cyclones. The lighthouse stands on the summit of a crag 700 feet above the sea.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarah Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle, at Penny & McAllister's.

### Twenty-four O'Clock.

The Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railroad Co. have recently issued a new time card, based on the twenty-four hour system—that of numbering the hours of the day from one to twenty-four, instead of making two divisions of twelve hours, each designated or distinguished as Ante Meridian and Post Meridian—A. M. and P. M. The day begins at midnight, as under the common system, but there is no possibility of confusion between forenoon and afternoon hours. The great advantage of this scheme in the railroad time table will be seen at once: 7 A. M. is frequently misprinted or misunderstood, while no one will confound 7 o'clock with 17 o'clock. Any watch or clock can be adapted to the system by simply putting the extension of the hours in a circle just inside of those already on the face. The exterior numbers will then be consulted up to 12 o'clock (noon), and the interior ones for the remainder of the day.

**It Cured the Rheumatism.**

People have all sorts of motives for becoming religious, but if the following lines are true, religion will be in greater demand than ever. The miracle happened to a colored sister, to be sure, but there is no reason why the Africans should not be peculiarly favored. There is one warning to be observed, however—viz., that if some men should become religious all of a sudden, the shock would be so great that they might not be able to endure it. The song runs:—

Oh, sister Mary, w'en she ris (she is supposed to have been on her knees in the midst of a revival)

Shuck her fat at de rheumatism, An' faw away ober de lumpy patch

On her way to lift de heavenly latch. Oh, sit on your knees, pore sinner man, An' make a mors to jine de han'.

**KISSING BY TELEPHONE.**—An Iowa paper describes "kissing by telephone," the experiment being carried on between the towns of Lyons and Clinton, as follows:

He (in Lyons):—"Is that you dear?"

She (in Clinton):—"Yes, love."

He:—"Put the mouth-piece to your lips."

She:—"Yes; what?"

He (kisses).—"That!"

She:—"Oh, my! Wasn't that lightning?"

He:—"Did you get it, dearest?"

She:—"Yes, love—cool and distant but so sweet. Call again."

In a short time army laundresses will be a thing of the past. Five years ago Congress began the abolition of this class of camp followers, but permitted the retention of those whose husbands were soldiers until the expiration of the term of enlistments of the latter. The time thus specified expired on the 18th of this month; and on that date issues of rations to laundresses ceased and women will not be allowed to follow the troops in that capacity.

An iron-toothed rake will kill more weeds in a garden in an hour than a hoe can kill in three hours if both are used when the weeds are just showing their green leaves above the surface, and more than the hoe could kill in all day ten days later. Such a rake will run over corn, peas, potatoes, onions, carrots and beets until they are two or three inches high, without injury, excepting to the weeds.

A Chicago glove merchant employs girls for clerks. They average well in good looks, but have remarkably big hands. "I won't employ them," said he. "If they can wear less than No. 8 gloves. I mean that their hands shall always be larger than those of the customers, who are flattered by the contrast, and thereby put into a good humor for making purchases."

A mucilage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain, or glass: Eight and a half ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, twenty grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

Inquirer: What objection is there to going a fishing on Sunday? What? Why, the objection that you're likely to find all the good places occupied.

**PILES! PILES! PILES!**

**Dr. Denton's New Discovery for Piles** is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Miss Ellen Marx, of Houston, Ill., says her physician gave her up as a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Denton's Expectant cured her. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Alexander Brown, of Mount Pleasant, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expectant the best cough remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

## WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,

—AT—

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

Opera House Block, - - - - - Stanford, Ky

**H. C. RUPLEY,**

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

**Groceries, Provisions, &c.,**

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**H. C. BRIGHT,**

St. Asaph Block,

STANFORD, - - - - - KY.,

—Desires to call attention to the Large and Comprehensive Stock of—

Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale on Small Profits. Goods delivered within town free of charge.

**Livery, Sale & Feed**

**STABLE!**

**AND HARNESS SHOP.**

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

**100,000 POUNDS WOOL**

Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

**COAL!**

And can supply it in any quantity.

**A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.**

**A. OWSLEY & SON,**

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware and Groceries, Glass-

ware, Queensware,

Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates

and Tinware,

Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent

and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming

Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.

**OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.**

**HEADQUARTERS**

—AT—

**W. H. HIGGINS'**

—FOR—

Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,

Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,

**Farming Implements,**

Such as Oliver Plows, Moline and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley

Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined.

No farmer should be without it.

**Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking**

**Valley Corn Shellers,**

**Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn**

**Planters,**

And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield

Elevator.

The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tin-

ware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries,

Wooden, China and Glassware.



HON. GEORGE HOADLY was nominated by acclamation on the second ballot for Governor of Ohio by the democrats, who for once showed great wisdom in their selection. He is a man of broad views and of an intellectual capacity far above the gubernatorial nominees recently given by the democracy of that State. He has not been an office seeker but has several times been called to fill important positions by those who knew his worth. As a legislator, a judge and a lawyer he stands as high as any man in Ohio, and it is confidently asserted that he will be elected over Foraker, the republican nominee, by a big majority. The only thing that can be said against Judge Hoadly is that he is rather a recent recruit to the ranks of democracy. Although born a democrat, the slavery question made him a republican about the beginning of the war, and he acted with that party till the presidential election of 1876 when he worked and voted for Tilden and Hendricks and has since been a true and consistent democrat.

The rest of the ticket is as follows: For Lt. Governor, John G. Warwick, of Stark; Supreme Court, short term, M. D. Follett, of Washington; Supreme Court, long term, Selwyn N. Owen, of Williams; Clerk of Supreme Court, J. W. Criswell, of Miami; Attorney General, James Lawrence, of Cuyahoga; Auditor of State, Emil Kiesewetter, of Franklin; Treasurer of State, Peter Brady, of Sandusky; for School Commissioner, L. D. Brown, of Butler; for Board of Public Works, Martin Schilder, of Ross. The platform adopted is a strong one though on the tariff question it is a little more conservative than the extremists would like. It says: "We favor a tariff for revenue, limited to the requisites of government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive industries at home, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies."

GEORGETOWN gossip is enjoying a "profound sensation." Miss Georgie Moody, a young lady of irrepressible character, furnishes the theme by bringing a suit for breach of promise against John T. Moore, a young farmer of wealth, for \$10,000 damages. There is no charge that under a promise of marriage an undue intimacy has existed but the ground of the suit is based on the allegation that for ten years last past Mr. Moore has been paying his undivided attentions to her, thereby driving off other eligible suitors, and now when he should lead her to the altar, he cruelly cuts the matter short by deserting her for fresher conquests. We trust for the sake of example that Miss Moody will get a verdict for the last farthing asked for. A young man who monopolizes a girl's time, thereby leaving her and the world to believe that he intended to marry her, ought to be made to do so or forced to pay heavy damages for his fun.

THE newspaper men of Richmond, Va., have been making themselves ridiculous again. The editor of the State published some pretty severe comments on Mahone's most pliant tool the editor of the *Whig*, who responded by calling him a liar. Then the blood thirsty State man challenged him to mortal combat and he accepted. The conditions were that they should first fire at seven paces and then advance firing till one or both fell or their charges were exhausted. This sounded pretty bilious but strange as it may seem just as every thing was arranged and the place of meeting had been reached, an officer stepped in and arrested the alleged belligerents and the fun was ended just as it had been hoped and probably intended to be. Such transparent doings ought and no doubt will bring the code into just repute in the old Dominion.

THE Arkansas train robbers and murderers who were hung Friday took the matter very coolly. One of them said to the sheriff, while standing with the noose around his neck, "Hurry up, old boy, it is mighty hot here." "Yes," said another, "hurry up, we haven't been in the sun for some time." The third added, "Well, it will soon be over, that's one good thing." And with these words on their tongues the bolt was drawn and the inevitable "dull thud" ended the conversation.

Ohio has a law, just in effect, making it a felony to be a tramp and punishable on conviction at imprisonment from one to three years in the penitentiary. The first man tried in Cincinnati for the offense got a year and six months. It is a good law, which ought to be enforced in all the States.

THE platform adopted by the democrats of Ohio gives the Hon. Henry Watterson a chance to qualify himself. Those who have read his strong appeals for "a tariff for revenue only" imagined he was opposed to having the tariff adjusted so that while affording the necessary revenue, it would at the same time encourage the weaker of our industries and give a just compensation to labor. The INTERIOR JOURNAL itself and through its excellent lieutenant, J. B., has all along held to the latter doctrine, which has been fully embodied in the platform referred to, and which is now endorsed by Mr. Watterson as follows: "Of the platform, as a whole, it is needless to speak. It is admirable. Of the tariff clause, I can only say that the party next year can do no better than copy it. It is, in all respects, preferable to the tariff plank of 1876, from which that of 1880 was taken, and expresses with precision the meaning of tariff revision and tax reform as they are understood by those democrats who denounce the present system as a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretense. It is taken for granted the clause was drawn by Judge Hoadly himself, as it bears the impress of his clear-cut style and perfect comprehension of the subject."

Those who have been compelled to endure the torture of listening to the execrations of an able-bodied shouter, will be glad to learn that one of them came near getting into trouble in New York. The occupants of a whole floor of a hotel were disturbed by his music and a warrant was sworn out against him for disturbing the peace but on his arrest and arraignment for trial the judge dismissed the case because it was not a statutory offense. It would be well though for the legislatures to enact a law declaring all snoring nuisances and fixing a punishment severe and condign.

#### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Bib Ingersoll is not dead, the movie's the pity.

—Fire insurance in Kentucky, cost \$1,390,458 last year.

—There were fifty-two deaths from yellow fever during the week at Havana.

—Gaiter's head and face are preserved in alcohol in the Medical Museum, Washington.

—People are leaving Bartonsville, Ky., owing to the breaking out of small-pox epidemic.

—Wm. Childless was killed in Grant county Sunday, by Hayden Northcote, because he betrayed his sister.

—A tornado near Chillicothe, Mo., destroyed thirty farm homes, killed two men and wounded fifteen or twenty others.

—A monument over the remains of the late Governor "Blue Jeans" Williams will be unveiled at Vincennes, Ind., July 4.

—July wheat went down to \$1.04, the lowest figure for months, in Chicago Saturday. Corn for July delivery went down to 51¢.

—The President is said to have under consideration the removal of the new and rather fresh Internal Revenue commissioners.

—Kyle Walker and Harry Reid, implicated in the murder of young True at Veto, Ala., were taken from jail Thursday night by a mob and hanged.

—The Mississippi River is on a terrible rampage. The dike at St. Louis gave away, flooding the country for miles and a number of towns are inundated.

—Lorillard's Troquois was the winner in the race for the Stockbridge cup, valued at three hundred sovereigns, and his Aranza won the race for the Johnson plate.

—Heretofore Neal and Craft have always occupied the same cell but they have now been separated, Craft being put in solitude to contemplate his fearful but deserved doom.

—Craft's attorney has notified him that there are no grounds to move for a rehearing of his case, and he must prepare for his fate. Now let Gov. Blackburn name the day for the choking.

—Louis Walden, the marshal of Williamsburg, Ky., was attacked by a dangerous character named Hannan, and after having been thrown to the floor, fired three times, mortally wounding Hannan.

—Postmaster General Gresham has directed his attention to the very loose way in which newspapers are often handled by the postal people. He is preparing to issue some very strict orders on the subject.

—McDonald Henderson and the two Johnsons stretched rope at Clarksville, Ark., Friday for the murder of Conductor Cain, while robbing a train on the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad. They made full confessions some weeks ago.

—The Democrat says that the eight men just sentenced at Mt. Sterling to the penitentiary for life have 49 children, and that when their wives and little ones went to the train to bid them good-bye, the bystanders were like little babes at the heart-rending parting.

—Miss C. McAniff was waylaid and outraged near Mayesville Friday by a negro fiend, who escaped across the river. A man answering the description was afterward captured at Ripley, Mo., on learning which a crowd of licensed citizens chartered a boat at Mayesville Saturday and were on the point of going to Ripley, when a telegram was received announcing his removal to Georgetown, Mo.

—A plan has been agreed upon for the rearrangement of the Internal Revenue districts. Forty-two of the 126 districts will be abolished and the territory composed by them added to adjoining districts. As regards Collectors the general rule will be to drop those who have been in the service longest. It is said that Gen. Landrum, who has been at Washington several days, has returned, satisfied that he will not be consolidated out.

—It is telegraphed from Washington that only one fourth as much whisky will be made this year as usual. The amount is fixed at 7,000,000 gallons and the consumption at 12,000,000 gallons.

—The distance from Richmond via Winchester and Lexington to Louisville is nine miles shorter than by way of the Richmond branch and Knoxville road, the latter being 139 miles and the former 130. The Kentucky Central route will also be four hours shorter in time. (Richmond Register.)

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"  
102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,  
LONDON, E. June 24, '33  
Dear Sirs:

Last night was the closing service of an eight days' temperance meeting in Exeter Hall. More than a month ago I had given a promise to take part in it and speak on the "Gospel of the Power of God unto salvation to rescue the enslaved." This was exactly in my line and I was glad to give my testimony. Messrs. Francis and Thomas E. Murphy have been the central figures in these meetings and I had the honor of being preceded by the father and succeeded by the son last night. We had twenty minutes each assigned to us, but the elder Murphy has so long been a publicist that he doubled his 20, at the call of "Go on." This rather abridged the rest of us, but I got an opportunity to read dear Nath Woodcock's last letter to me, which was the best sermon I could preach. The dear fellow, when he wrote it, little dreamed of preaching with power to 3,000 people in Exeter Hall, but that letter was the feature of the evening and did more good than all the rest of the talks combined. After reading it, in a few words I plainly stated the sort of gospel that saved him, bringing out the scriptural statement sharply that God had nothing whatever against the sinner on the sin question; that having been "finished" by a perfect settlement on the Cross; and now the SON question was the only unsettled point and that could so easily be adjusted by the confession of His dear name, that all were left without excuse and could only perish by deliberate suicide. How I longed for an opportunity to draw them in that crowded hall. Perhaps I may yet have the chance. But my hands were tied and I could only speak plainly, thanking the dear LORD that even that much was vouchsafed. Every opportunity like this brings before the people the distinctive character of the gospel I am sent to proclaim; and every occasion of the kind brings to light the fact that many hearts are moved, and some, whose influence will be widely felt by others. *Praise the LORD* is the motto for these patient days of waiting, until the good seed shall sprout and become deeply rooted. It will, as sure as the truth is God's truth.

Two fine young men were waiting in the lobby, both looking as if they were of the "fast" kind, to grip my hand and assure me that they started out that night on the line of trust and confession indicated in Nath's letter and my address. Praise the LORD. Dear, loving William Noble closed the services in a few stirring words, fully endorsing my gospel and holding up my hands in his own characteristic, eloquent way. My heart warmed every time I write his name and think how unselfishly he has wrought to give me a chance. But for him, humbly speaking, I should have had no hearing in England. Surely it was an inspiration in my dear friend, I. Peck Smith, of Brooklyn, to say to me at our last interview, "Bro. Barnes, I must give you a letter to William Noble," and the good man sat down in my room, *instantly*, and penned the epistle on one of my own "Praise the LORD" sheets. I little thought then (who ever does?) what the letter would lead to.

The night of the day on which my last letter to the INTERIOR was written, deserves particular notice. A few clergymen of the Church of England, with a little band of faithful women "laboring in the gospel," had agreed to meet at the house of a gentleman in Richmond for an all-night conference. This seemed the only way they could get together, busy as they were in active service for the Master. The object of the meeting was to obtain a fresh "baptism of the Spirit." My dear friend, Mr. John Tod, of Highgate, had an invitation to come and bring me with him, if I would agree. The LORD seemed to say to me at once, "Join yourself to this company," and so, after my own service was over, we took rail and sped away to Richmond on the Thames, reaching it about 11—the hour appointed to begin. We were ushered into an elegant dining-room, where refreshments were spread in great abundance and variety. The rest of the company had just finished their meal and retired to the sitting-room. We followed soon and found six clergymen of the Establishment, a medical student with half a dozen ladies, besides our host and his wife. I will not give details of the meeting. Rev. Evan Hopkins presided—well-known in England and America as one of the leaders in the "Holiness" movement. He is simply lovely—a word that has an effluence sound, but the only one that describes him—a true man of God, whose very presence seems to bring an atmosphere of love and "fellowship with the Father" along with it. Two of the young clergymen are on the point of departure for the Nyansa, in the heart of Africa, and hungry to be furnished with spiritual power for the work. When my time came I could only speak what I knew, it seemed at first a discordant sound, but the LORD gave liberty and power and it was not long before all seemed to take the deepest interest in what the LORD had taught me. At 4 o'clock, after a loving and harmonious conference, in which all received by faith what they came for, yet in a very different way from what some of them expected, the ladies went to bed and the gentlemen took a stroll in the lovely park until 7 o'clock, when our earliest train was to leave. The Queen has a grand park at Richmond, with scores of deer in it; noble oaks, lovely groves of greenest grass and at that early hour, hundreds of rabbits hopping around in a very lively manner. The scenery overlooking the Thames is the loveliest imaginable. I had for my companion one of the African mis-

sonaries and we had a glorious talk. I felt as if I was talking to thousands of hearers through him. He knew very little of what the LORD had taught me, but before we parted he gave me his hand that he would henceforth follow on the lines of truth indicated in our conference. I praise the dear LORD for that sleepless but heart-rending night at Richmond. Only He knows what blessings will come out of it. I reach of Shacklewell Lane in ample time for our 9 o'clock breakfast, addressed, went in bed and slept till 3 P. M., when I got up "fresh as a daisy" and ready for Highgate at night. Praise the LORD. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." When my readers remember that we are about the latitude of Labrador, where Equinoxes live, they will not be astonished when I say we have very little night at this season of the year. It is twilight at 10 and broad daylight at 3, and the five hours of night, even, not very dark. The gloom of the long winter nights pays all back when it comes. I prefer more of an equality in the distribution, I must confess. How wonderful the provision the LORD has made in that mighty Gulf Stream that laves these shores—making otherwise uninhabitable ice and snow wastes green and flourishing as the "garden of the LORD." The LORD knew where the sons of Abraham would need a quiet spot to recuperate exhausted energies and gather fresh strength to people and subdue the earth. "Who is like Israel, whose God is the LORD?"

There is one thing that astounds us every time we go into the streets. There are children in other cities and countries, but here they literally swarm. The overflow of the prolific house fills the streets. We have a short-cut home to the train, by way of a narrow street called Wellington, and here, whenever the weather is at all favorable, we just have to take the middle of the street, for the children have the sidewalks, and we have to make circuits and weave in and out, even then, to escape jumping ropes, tops and hoops. And so it is in London wherever one goes. Doubtless the children live more in the open air than ours; witness the rosy cheeks—so common. But that doesn't cover the difference that astounds us at every turn. Nothing explains it but the Anglo-Israel theory, where all is found to be just as in the days when the prolific race increased in such a startling way in Egypt that the jealous monarch, with the prospects of the slaves outnumbering the masters, took such cruel measures to check increase. Even then it went on, bursting bounds—this irrepressible population of earth, as in late centuries has been the case in England—the teeming millions ever crying out, "the place is too straight for us; give us room!" the mother country ever throwing out successive swarms that have taken flight to new countries until the broad earth is overrun with this vigorous race, alone of all the nations of the earth thus prolific. The surplus of Germany and France and Italy can be merged in a foreign nation. Not so the ungovernable increase of the old British Isles. They form new empires, impress their language and manners on other nations, or wipe them out; preserving identity always and conquering—never being conquered nor absorbed. Can a thoughtful man refuse to see this contrast with all else he sees; or finding the perfect solution in the word of God, refuse to believe it?

The dear LORD is steadily giving us favor with our brethren of Ephraim. A hearing is all we ask. The Spirit of God and the Truth of God will do the rest. But "faith cometh by hearing" and for every open ear we praise Him who gives us access to the heart by the hearing ear. Still pray that utterance be given. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

#### Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.  
LANCASTER.

—J. T. Palmer has sold three threshing outfits for the P. & J. Runley Co. He received the machines Saturday.

—Lancaster and Stanford were connected by telephone Friday last, but because of illness, etc., across the line the instruments do not work yet.

—A protracted meeting is in progress at the Baptist church. Considerable interest is being manifested—no additions as yet. Rev. T. M. Vaughan, of Danville, is assisting the pastor.

—The Garrard Female College question is being agitated again. Articles of incorporation have been filed and Trustees elected. Suitable property will be secured at an early date.

—I expect to leave here very soon and will place all the accounts of Humphill & Walden in the hands of an officer for collection that are not settled by July 1st. Geo. L. Walden.

—Wheat harvest has begun in earnest. The barley has all been cut. Some farmers are complaining that the rust is injuring their wheat. The prospects for a large crop of corn this year are very flattering.

—A man by the name of Brummett was tried before Judge Singleton, Saturday, charged with malicious cutting on the person of Ed. Doty. Brummett was held in a bond of \$100 to answer an indictment that may be found against him at the next term of the Circuit Court.

—Last Sunday morning a little son of Enquire James A. Houlihan, near Palat Lick, was walking a cow; he had stepped away from her about 20 feet when she was struck and killed by lightning. One side of the little boy was numbed by the shock but he was not seriously injured.

—This is County Court day. Rain this morning stopped farmers from their work and a good many of them are in town. There is not much stock on the market. We miss very much the pleasant face of Mr. T. B. Walton, ex-business manager of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, from our Court today. Tom was the great favorite of the newspaper men who came to our town, among our people. Success to him in his new home.

—SOCIETY NOTES.—Miss Belle Tyree, of Hustonville, and Mrs. — Broadbent, of Madison county, are visiting their sister, Mrs. John Fennell, of this place. Miss

Maggie Newland, of Stanford, is visiting Mrs. J. T. Palmer. Several of the friends of Miss Maggie Dunn, from this place, will attend her wedding at Richmond, on next Thursday. She has been quite a favorite in the society of this place. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hogle, who have been visiting relatives in this place for several days, left for Hustonville, Thursday. They will return to their home at Williamsburg to day. Victor Wherritt goes with them to spend a few days in fishing and hunting. Mrs. Eva Mahoney, of Hustonville, W. Va., and Miss Sallie Grant, of Pineville, Va., are visiting their brother, Dr. J. W. Grant, of this place.

#### Point Lick

—The promised man now on the globe is Mr. Ike Arnold, over the advent of a bouncing big boy.

—Miss Maggie Smith has gone to Mt. Vernon, to spend a few weeks with relatives. Mrs. Sawney Bartlett, Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. Dan Bartlett are the guests of Mrs. R. H. Watson.

—Your informant was a little old when he told you of the marriage of Miss Emma Snipe and Mr. Alvin Pollins. She left here Friday morning for your city, on a visit to friends; he is still here.

—We would judge from the way that the reporter for the *Register* at this place was sitting up to a beautiful widow last Thursday, at the reception that he has been taking lessons in short hand courting under Professor G. W. Kinard.

—We had the pleasure of being present at the reception given by Mr. D. G. Slaughter and wife to Mr. G. W. Kinard and wife last Thursday night. The rain poured down on torrents during the evening, which kept a good many away, but about six the clouds began to scatter and at seven a large but a very good looking crowd congregated at the beautiful residence of the host. After the congratulations of every one the doors of the spacious dining room was thrown open and Mr. Slaughter said, "boys grab your girls." It would be useless for us to attempt to give a minute description of the supper so words are inadequate, but the table was heavily laden with so many good things it was hard for one to decide what to take first, though we noticed that one young lady was passionately fond of Rice. After each and every one had fared sumptuously the table was cleared away and the young folks tripped "the light fantastic toe" until 11 o'clock. They then concluded that it was too warm to dance and retired to the parlor where they had music of various kinds, piano, guitar, accordion and harp, accompanied by Mr. J. L. Barnes on the guitar fiddle. The last scene Mr. Slaughter exhibited the costume in which Mrs. Kinard made her escape, which consisted of a cast, pants, vest, hat, and, and we forget the other articles. Every one paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter and to the bride and groom, who looked as happy as two turtles do. We wish them a life of bliss, and that they may never regret that they have taken each other for better or for worse.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY. Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. [134-137]

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

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In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of FURNITURE

**ENTERPRISE GROCERY.**  
LANCASTER, KY.

**GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,**  
Proprietors.  
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**Hands Wanted!**  
—On the—  
Stanford & Preachersville Turnpike, Two miles from Stanford. Highest wages paid, and paid every 30 days.  
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**New Handsome Millinery**  
I have opened a very comprehensive line of the latest and handsomest styles of  
**SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY**  
And invite all the ladies to call and examine, whether they buy or not. Prices reasonable.  
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**MISS BELLE TYREE,**  
Next door to Dr. Lee P. Huston's office, Stanford

**Penny & M'Alister**  
PHARMACISTS  
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.  
JEWELERS  
Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware  
Ever brought in this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

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If you want a Machine to trim a hedge, buy the New Champion Mower.  
Call on us for good reading matter free, and look at our Machines, whether you wish to buy or not. Respectfully,  
**BRUCE, WARREN & CO.**

—THE—  
**QUICKEST**  
—AND—  
**CHEAPEST WAY**  
TO CLEAN  
**WEEDY CORN**  
—Is to procure—

**A Kalamazoo or Albion Spring Tooth Harrow and Cultivator.**

**One Man and One Horse.**  
With the one-horse Cultivator, can thoroughly clean the weeds out of five acres of corn per day.

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With the Sulkey Harrow and Cultivator, can clean ten acres of corn per day.

Price of one-horse Cultivator, - - \$10  
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